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Ballads of the Shore

Arthur C. Banks



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Ballads of the Shore

WESTBROOK, CONN.

BY

ARTHUR C. BUTTS

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1911

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BY ARTHUR C. BUTTS
NEW YORK

Dedicated

To the People of Westbrook

Conn.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THE following verses, with few exceptions, were written of the shore or at the shore. They are published with the sincere hope that they may recall, occasionally, pleasant memories not only to the people of Westbrook, but to all who sometime sojourn on its beautiful shore.

THE AUTHOR.

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ODE TO WESTBROOK.

FAIREST village by the sea!
Hearts that love thee sigh for thee;
Absent lips oft breathe thy name,
Kindling recollection's flame.

Never spoiled by splendor's blight,
Valiant in life's toilsome fight,
Spurning all ambition's charms,
Rest thee, in contentment's arms.

Scoffing at debasing greed,
Sowing ever righteous seed,
Reapest thou a thousand fold,
Harvests richer far than gold.

'Neath thy shades where plenty smiles,
Vain alluring mammon's wiles;
Banished scornful, haughty pride;
Homely virtues here abide.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

Kneeling at thy altars here,
Frailty drops a pleading tear;
Praying every fault may be
Judged by pitying charity.

Here beneath thy towering spire,
Ne'er may smoulder virtue's fire;
Be thy fathers' God with thee,
Lovely village by the sea.

*EILEEN.

I.

STORMY winds are wildly blowing,
Fair Eileen;
Wintry waves are darkly flowing,
Dear Eileen;
Lovely summer days are o'er,
Foaming billows loudly roar,
Breaking on the frozen shore,
Eileen darling.

II.

Violets soon will come to greet you,
Dear Eileen;
Summer soon will come to meet you,
Fair Eileen;
All her birds on happy wing,
She will bid their songs to sing,
And she'll to you roses bring,
Eileen darling.

*These words were set to music and the song dedicated to
Miss May McKone, Hartford, Conn.

III.

On the shore the flow'rs are sleeping,
 Dear Eileen;
Where the wintry storms are sweeping,
 Fair Eileen;
When the sunshine and the dew,
Bring again their fairest hue,
They'll awake and bloom for you,
 Eileen darling.

Have you heard the wild winds calling,
 Eileen darling?
Do you hear the billows chanting on the shore?
Are you longing soon to be,
Where the voices of the sea,
Ever of you speak to me,
 Eileen darling?

SUNDAY AT WESTBROOK.

HOW fair, how peaceful, breaks the Sabbath
morn!

Sear fallen leaves and ripening corn betray
Sweet summer's ending, and betimes the air,
Doth warn the husbandman of frosty nights,
And bids him gather from his yielding fields
The ample fruitage of his summer's toil.
No roses bloom; and yet, afar and near
The fields are spangled with autumnal flow'rs,
And asters and wild artichokes do vie
With goldenrod to beautify the scene.
Beyond yon copse the Sound's blue waters lave
Fair Westbrook's beaches; now a seagull flies
Above the white-capped waves, then wings her flight
Across the waters where but dimly loom
The silvery sands that skirt Long Island's shore.
Then clear and sweet the village church bell rings,
And calls the countryside to morning prayer.

Yet not alone may sacred altars claim
Man's reverential homage; if his breast,
Attuned with nature and her various moods,
With rapture vibrates at her loveliness,
Hath God not made there His divine abode,
And doth not rapture waft man's soul to heaven?

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

The speeding car, anon, upon its course
Reflection woos; these venerable trees,
Whose leafy arches span the village street;
These stately homes adorned with columned porch
And trellised vines are not of yesterday.
Aye, they who built this hamlet; they who smoothed
Rough places with their toil, and blazed the path
For ease and luxury—perchance they rest
Beneath the spectral headstones that arise
In yonder cemet'ry beside the inlet's shore.
The painter's brush, the minstrel's song are oft
By love inspired; so love inspired their toil.

Oh! sweet the scene, as twilight falls apace,
And heralds night to trim the evening lamp.
And o'er one hearthstone hovers peace and love,
As Westbrook's church bell calls to evening prayer.

A LITTLE WHILE.

HOW vain, how fleeting are the joys of earth!
Is truth the fair world's conqueror, or guile?
Forever sorrow broods o'er happy mirth;
Yet, peace abideth—in a little while.

Love ne'er may touch us with her holiest bliss;
Ours may be only frigid friendship's smile,
That yields to yearning but a frozen kiss;
But, 'twill not matter—in a little while.

Fair marble columns, and proud frowning towers,
Aye, stately palaces, that pile on pile
Arise in grandeur—e'en like withering flow'rs—
They too shall perish—in a little while.

Our fevered hopes, our dreams of bygone years,
Death, the kind harvester we oft revile,
Will gently garner, amid pitying tears,
Of those who loved us—in a little while.

THE SOUND AT WEST BEACH
IN NOVEMBER.

DARK sullen clouds drift o'er thy heaving breast;
Bleak chilling winds assail thy foaming waves,
That roll and roar and flee with onward sweep,
To beat and break upon thy shore. Great ships
Along thy distant coast sail to and fro,
Not aimlessly, as oft alas! do men
Upon life's restless sea, but with their prows,
E'en though the sport of wind and tide still bent
To make some distant haven. Where are now
The summer craft whose tiny spars and sails
Bedecked thy placid waters? Vanished all;
Aye o'er their anchorage the seagulls fly,
And wild fowl linger in their southward flight,
Nor fear the hunter's shot, for lo! thy shore
Deserted; yet afar a beacher rakes
Thy sands for spoil, then silent homeward speeds,
And soon is lost amid night's lowering gloom.

Thy shore deserted? Aye, by all save one.
Whose ruddy pane to all thy breaking waves

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

Beams kindly greeting; and within his cot,
In solitude before his blazing hearth,
He hears the music of thy beating surf,
As 'twere the crooning of a lullaby;
The while reflecting that perchance his moods
Are not unlike thine own; the calm of peace;
Life's joys as bright as are thy sun kissed waves;
Anon the scourging of remorseless dreams
That haunt and lash the soul, e'en as thy breast
Is beaten, buffeted, by wind and storm—
But afterward the calm—the calm of peace.

How oft in summer when the cottage lights,
Shone fair upon thee have my straying thoughts
Roamed with the Indian o'er thy beauteous shore!
Thou saw'st his smouldering fires—aye, thou didst
 hear

His wail, when cruel civilization's sword
Smote down his arrow and his axe, and turned
His swarthy face from thee forever. Oft
In midnight's stillness when the summer moon
Arrays thy waters with a silvery sheen,
The dreamer, pondering, perchance may see

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

A spectral warrior in a white canoe,
Who, mournful, gazes at his heritage,
Then lingering, longing, steers his fitful course
Out to the land of dreams.

Along thy dunes,
Adown thy lovely strand, how sweet to stray
And sit, alone, upon yon crumbling wreck
To note the wandering pebbles on thy shore,
And think, Whence came they, Whither do they go?
Whence came they? Thou dost answer murmuring
sea;

From every land where brooks and rivers pour
Their watery tribute to the ocean's tide;
From Asian mounts—perchance the Himalayas—
From Alpine summits—Jura's frowning peaks;
From Egypt's Nile, and Afric's sunny coast—
By storm and stress unloosed, by wind and wave
Through ocean's depths and caverns of the sea,
Tossed hitherward to rest, as they do now,
Within the compass of thy hand; then thrown
In thoughtlessness away.

O beauteous Sound!
In dreams I come to thee. Save thou for me
Thy sweetest symphonies, till winter's o'er,
And summer lures me to thy shore again.

WEST BEACH IN OCTOBER.

I.

FAIR summer sails are furled; thy shore
Forsaken, and the leaves are sere;
Autumnal winds are sweeping o'er
Thy beauteous strand, now cold and drear.
And yet, in dreams I live those hours
That banished every blasting care,
When roaming o'er thy dunes where flow'rs,
*All wildly bloomed in beauty there.

II.

Hard by, within an humble cot,
I've seen the fires of friendship glow,
And there, around that lovely spot,
Sweet breezes of affection blow.
And like the murmur of the sea,
Forever lingering in the shell,
Ah! so shall fondest thoughts of thee,
Fair Westbrook, in my memory dwell.

*On the dunes of Westbrook there is a flower that grows in the sand and blooms in October.

TWILIGHT.

I.

AT twilight's hour the robins sing,
Their sweetest songs here by the sea,
And shades of ev'ning ever bring,
On breath of roses, dreams of thee.
When o'er the deep yon beacons burn,
While dew is falling on the flow'rs,
From luring wiles my thoughts return
To thee, and live departed hours.

II.

When twilight dims the sunset's glow
Ere darkness veils the lurid skies—
When on the shore the billows flow,
And in the heavens bright stars arise—
O'er sea and shore peace gently steals,
As night's sweet glamor calls to me;
Yet while I dream my soul reveals,
In vain the splendor but for thee.

“AUF WIEDERSEHN.”
(Until We Meet Again.)

Suggested by Mr. E. H. Bailey's Beautiful Waltz of That
Name

I.

WHEN swept the chords that breathe its strain,
Awake my slumb'ring dreams of thee,
E'en though the promise ever vain,
That lingers in its melody.
And yet its music ever brings,
Around me days and dreams of yore,
When thy fair fingers swept the strings
That now are mute for evermore.

II.

Fulfilled were all thy maiden dreams,
Love's sweetest charms adorn thy brow;
Its beauteous sunshine o'er thee streams,
And thou! and thou! art happy now.
And yet whene'er that sweet refrain
Recalls the past that haunts me yet—
It tells me ne'er we'll meet again,
And vainly bids me to forget.

THE PROMISE OF FAITH.

I.

EYES that weep shall beam again,
Hearts that sigh forget their pain,
Forms that fade wear loveliness,
Peace your wayward spirits bless;
Clouds that lower shall drift away;
Night will turn to glorious day;
Bondmen now, ye shall be free,
In eternity.

II.

Loved and lost again you'll meet,
Friends departed you shall greet;
Earthly dreams will all be o'er,
Sorrows grieve you nevermore.
Rolled away your troubled years,
Joy for pain and smiles for tears,
Paradise your eyes shall see,
In eternity.

III.

He Who notes the sparrow's fall,
He Who ruleth, keepeth all,
He Who clothes the lilies fair,
He will keep you—for your care.
Toil, until your day is done;
Fight, until life's victory's won;
Rest and glory yours shall be,
In eternity.

THE MASTERLESS DOG.

A MASTERLESS dog! mid the crowds of the
street;

A masterless dog! dodging hurrying feet.

Astray in the city, forlorn and alone,

Poor masterless dog! without kennel or bone.

His ears how they droop; see his sad wistful eye,

He yearns to be patted, as crowds hurry by.

No one says, "Poor fellow!" He hears no kind
word;

'Tis long since his master's shrill whistle he heard.

Look there! See him stand in despair on the pave;

Have dogs e'er a longing for death and the grave?

The hand of an urchin he tremblingly licks;

Shame! Shame! his affection's rewarded with kicks.

He looks up and down with a pitiful gaze;

Then crosses the street, 'scaping horses and drays;

Slinks into a hallway and panting, lies down

Away from the whirl of the hurrying town.

He's thinking, perhaps, of his romps by the brook,

'Mid daisies and cowslips; his kind master's look;

His weary tramp home when the fox hunt was o'er;

His bone by the step of the old kitchen door;
Or, is he recalling some wild wintry night,
When, stretched on the floor in the fireside's light,
He heard the bleak tempest beat cold on the pane?
Ah! dozing he dreams of that shelter again,
And frolicking children—

“Get you out of here—”

He starts! wags his tail, the while trembling with fear;
Then crouches, and begs; but the janitor's feet
Kick out the stray dog to the pitiless street.
Where, where shall he go—will no one have pity,
And help a poor dog, straying, lost in the city?
“You brute!” cried a man as he rushed into view—
“You brute! Kick that dog, and by God, I'll kick
you!”

“Here Bige! Poor Old Bige!” See the dog prick
his ears!

He bounds to his master! barks! whines! and the tears
That course down his face, telling all his distress,
Flow not when he feels his loved master's caress.

IN WINTER.

I.

YE wintry winds and drifting snow,
Think ye to me this spot less dear,
Than when sweet summer breezes blow,
And summer's charms are lingering here?
Think ye the cold and freezing blight,
That wraps its erstwhile beauty o'er,
Can dim for me the fadeless light,
That ever lumes this lovely shore?

II.

Yon rose bush through the frigid mold,
Uplifts its blasted withered form;
And o'er its bed, so drear and cold,
In fury sweeps the wintry storm.
And wilder storms will come and go,
Ere heard the welcome robin's strain;
Yet, where now lies the frozen snow,
Fair roses there will bloom again.

III.

Ye little birds that sang so sweet,
In summer 'round my cottage door—
In flow'ring spring time will ye greet
As ye were wont thy friend of yore?
Thy voices will ye tune to sing,
The songs ye sang of her to me,
And oft again on restless wing,
Beguile me, dreaming, by the sea?

A MONK'S REVERIES.

LOVE weaves her mysteries o'er the summer night :
Fair Luna, waning, floods her silvery beams
O'er cot and fold ; but oh ! her lingering light,

The fairest o'er yon monastery streams.
The ivy clinging to its ancient towers,
With dew is dripping that refreshing falis,
Where solemn monks allure luxurious flowers,
To bud and blossom 'neath those gloomy walls.

Within his damp and solitary cell,
Where zephyrs blown o'er sleeping roses stray,
A monk heeds not the monastery's bell,
For lovely dreams have borne him far away.
A taper, flickering o'er the volumed lore,
That erst beguiled him, droops his weary eyes ;
And wraiths, arising from the stony floor,
Seem interwoven with his phantasies.

Mysterious night ! Monastic oath and vow
Quench not the flames that burn his yielding soul ;
For blissful memory surges o'er him now,
As o'er a wreck wild ocean billows roll.
His cell, the columned cloister, fade away ;
In childish glee he plays 'mid summer flowers ;
Yon holy oratory, grim and gray,
Forgotten e'en for youth's celestial bowers.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

Beyond his 'lumined lattice, lo! he sees,
The frowning hills above his father's cot;
The village church—the school house 'mong the trees,
Sweet vales and brooks, aye, many a hallowed spot.
The vesper bell that called to evening prayer,
Again is echoing o'er his native hills;
And he, a shepherd lad, is tending there
His father's flocks among their glens and rills.

He's home again! Behold! 'Tis eventide;
His pious mother hath her rosary said;
She prays God's blessings with her child abide,
Then tucks him, gently, in his trundle-bed.
Oh! sweet his sleep 'til beams the glowing dawn,
In ruddy glory over vale and stream;
With carolling birds he greets the balmy morn,
And sunny days flee like a happy dream.

He sees himself—the red-cheeked shepherd boy—
To manhood grown; his precious lot to be,
His mother's pride and his rude father's joy;
E'en damsels loved him for his gallantry;
At festivals, the gayest of gay,
Once more he clasps them to his guileless breast;
And dawns again that ne'er forgotten day,
When on one's lips he love's first kisses prest.

Oh, loveless years! Death wooed his promised bride,
And wrapped his mantel 'round her girlish bloom;
Then rose that dark inevitable tide
That swept his kindred to the dreamless tomb.
Then, then, he sought a soldier's fall in wars,
When freeman battled 'gainst oppression's wrong.
His country loved him for his valorous scars,
And shrined his valor in immortal song.

"The matin bell! Away ye sad sweet dreams!"
He said; then murmured in the chanting choir—
"Oh, Jesu chide me! For ignoble themes
My heart control! Let loftier thoughts inspire
My breast—and pity me!" In prayer and praise
His song, triumphant, swelled o'er sorrow's surge;
And shamed the light that shone o'er happier days,
And hushed ambition's melancholy dirge.

And now, the cowl! The cloister! And the cell!
The poor! The erring! Meditation! Prayer!
All worldly joys forever bade farewell!
Yet, deem him not the bondman of despair—
For souls like his tower on the borderland
Of earth and heaven; once beaten with His rod,
They touch the hopeless with a pitying hand,
And whisper, "Peace!" And upward point, to God.

*FENWICK.

THE crested waves on Fenwick's shore,
In sunlit splendor gently flow,
And murmuring kiss that lovely strand,
When summer breezes sweetly blow;
But oft a starless night comes on,
When furious winds the waters lash,
While roaring billows wildly break,
Illumined by the lightning's flash.

On yonder deep the mariner,
Hauls closer then his swelling sail,
By Saybrook Light steers true his course,
And scorns the darkness and the gale—
So ever sweet life's sunlit days,
And never drear its dark'ning night,
When o'er its shadows and its storms,
Streams, ever fair, love's beacon light.

Ye beating waves! Ye winds that blow!
Remember days and dreams of yore;
And oft, in summer's golden glow,
We'll meet again on Fenwick's shore.

*These words were set to music and the song dedicated to
Mrs. William E. Whitson, West Palm Beach, Florida.

WILD IS THE NIGHT.

I.

WILD is the night!
Yon beacon's light,
Gleams not across the sea.
Upon the shore,
The billows' roar,
Seems like a dirge to me.
The dismal rain,
On every pane,
Is beating dolefully;
Where here alone,
With days ago,
My dreams are still of thee.

II.

Oh happy hours!
Oh faded flowers!
How can I happy be,
When nevermore,
On this dear shore,
Ye'll come again to me?
Dread sorrow's blast,
Hath swept the past
Beneath oblivion's mold;
And o'er the gale
Wild voices wail,
Forget sweet days of old.

MANUNKATESET.

I.

SO wild and drear;
So bleak, so sere;
Deep are the scars on thy storm-beat breast;
Oft dismal clouds,
Like sable shrouds,
Droop o'er the heights of thy gullied crest.

II.

Thy shoal of rocks,
Repels the shocks,
Of roaring tempest and pounding wave;
When calm the sea,
Beautifully,
The rippling billows thy boulders lave.

III.

Bold sentinel!
'Tis thine to tell
The bleak sou'wester, this shore to shun.
Sayst thou, "Abide
Here, roaring tide";
And it breaks on thee ere its spoil begun.

IV.

Of summer nights,
Fair cottage lights,
Their greetings waft o'er the wave to thee.
And all alone,
Their glim'ring gone,
Thy rest is soothed by the crooning sea.

V.

All eyes to thee,
Turn lovingly,
In sunlit days or when tempests roar;
For thou art dear,
Albeit drear,
Manunkateset, to all the shore.

A SUMMER MORNING ON WEST BEACH.

F AIR sunshine is streaming,
O'er waves brightly gleaming,
Oh lovely this beautiful dawn!
The odor of roses,
Where dew still reposes,
Greets far o'er the billows the sweet summer morn.

Glad robins are singing;
The shore trees are ringing,
Where birds blithely warble their lay.
The ebb tide is flowing,
There's not a breeze blowing—
The shore will be swelt'ring this hot summer day.

The farmer's stout help-meet,
Each cottage will soon greet,
Her spoil from the farm to display;
"Cucumbers and cherries—
Squash, onions and berries?"
She sells out her store and trips smiling away.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

The butcher, the baker;
The grocer, the faker;
The milk man, the ice man! ah, well!
The shore would regret it,
If they should forget it,
And miss the glad tone of their heralding bell.

The tide is now rising,
The sun is advising,
The swelt'ring to dip in the sea;
Bathers on the beach strolling,
Bathers 'neath the waves lolling,
Some laughing, some screaming—all gay as can be.

On shady verandas,
The West Beacher squanders,
With malice, the morn; *is it hot?*
Where's the man—was he fooling—
Who said breezes cooling,
Ne'er failed to blow over this “beautiful” spot?

Soon over the waters,
West Beach's fair daughters
Put off from the pier for a sail;
They are hoping and sighing,
In fact are just dying,
To fly o'er the deep in the grip of a gale.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

Yon beacons are burning,
When fair ones, returning,
Light up all the shore with their smiles;
And oh, in the twilight,
The starlight, the moonlight,
Who yet hath resisted their maidenly wiles?

E'en if there be places
Where flourish more graces,
I ween you may roam the world o'er—
Finding skies, maybe, bluer,
But never hearts truer,
That make a sweet Eden of West Beach's shore.

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM.

I.

THE shore is dark and dreary,
And wildly beats the sea;
Yet there a light is shining,
That ever shines for me.
A light that shines for me,
And soon the shore and sea,
Will be smiling, for she's coming,
When the roses bloom.

II.

Fair roses all have fallen,
And withered every flow'r,
Wild wintry winds are wailing,
And dark the storm clouds lower.
But soon sweet vernal breezes,
Will whisper shore and sea,
And the birds and flow'rs, she's coming,
When the roses bloom.

ON WESTBROOK'S DUNES.

I.

'TIS sweet to linger on thy dunes,
When twilight veils the summer day,
While flowing waves seem murmuring tunes,
Of olden days, far, far away.
As o'er the deep yon beacons gleam,
When ev'ning dims the sunset's glow,
So fondly lights of mem'ry stream,
Along the shores of long ago.

II.

If pleasure, with alluring wiles,
In thralldom holds thy fancies, yet—
If splendor, with deceiving smiles,
Would bid thy truant heart forget—
Abide thou here; the mystic strain,
The waves at eve play sweet and low,
Will waft thy spirit back again,
To hallowed days of long ago.

MONODY,
ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

“Unveil thy bosom, sacred tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,”

MYSTERIOUS Death! Dread conqueror,
Behold thy maiden captive, here!
Her charms, her hopes, forevermore—
In virgin shroud and snowy bier.

O Death! Thou hast thy victory,
Aye, spoiler! she lies peaceful there.
All vain her bitter strife with thee;
Vain, yearning tears and pleading prayer.

Faith's burning lamp she ever trimmed
To 'lume death's dreary, darksome night;
Though lips be silent, eyes be dimmed,
Her soul to God hath ta'en its flight.

Her death doth move the stoniest heart;
And moistens eyes unused to tears.
So soon, from all she loved to part,
So soon, to leave life's beckoning years.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

How many noble souls we meet,
While journeying on with thoughtless tread,
Nor homage pay, nor kindly greet,
Until they're buried with the dead.

Her life was like some modest flower,
That far away from roses grew,
Nor dreamed as sweet as theirs its power,
As bright with charms as fair of hue.

She took her way up learning's mount;
And toiling, reached, at last, her goal.
At storied shrine, and classic fount
She worshipped, 'suaged her thirsting soul.

Her rosy bark, with fluttering sail,
She launched upon life's beauteous sea—
Day turned to night—death's awful gale
From chilling caves howled mournfully—

And swept her bark out in the gloom,
While those she loved stood helpless by
And saw her drifting—to the tomb—
So fair, so sweet, so young to die.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

But see! The storm is overpast;
Light gleams along yon heavenly shore.
Her voyage, over! Safe, at last!
Joy! Peace! Rest! Heaven! evermore.

The chalice of her years was filled;
The work God gave to do, she's done;
Her gentle heart, alas! is stilled,
But hath she not life's victory won?

Calm be her rest! Sweet be her sleep!
Her faith rewarded—proved her trust;
Stay not the tears that loved ones weep,
Who, lingering, bend o'er precious dust.

THE SHORE BIRD.

ONE wintry night, when all was still,
Methought a flutt'ring wing I heard,
When lo! Upon my window sill,
I saw alight a little bird.
She beat her breast upon the pane,
She flew against my cottage door,
For me she sang one happy strain,
Then winged her flight adown the shore.

Poor little bird, out in the night!
Why wert thou wand'ring from thy nest?
Why didst thou seek my window's light?
Oh! tell me truly was thy quest—
To learn if still I held thee dear,
To prove these scenes still called to me?
Dear little bird, have not a fear,
In summer I'll come back to thee.

THE ARROW HEAD'S LAMENT.

GAZE long upon me: fashioned but of stone
To tip the red man's arrow; oft I whirled
Full swiftly o'er destruction's glorious course,
Enhungered for the taste of quivering flesh,
Athirst to sip a victim's trickling blood
From vitals yielding to the spell of death;
Gone! gone! those days forevermore.

Thy craft,

O white man, mighty armaments of war,
Arrays with majesty on land and sea—
Their hostile power bespeaks sublimity—
Yet, toss away thy cunning implements,
That cruel science wrought to compass death,
And can ye torture from the flinty rock
One weapon like to my similitude?
I've pierced the breasts of wild birds on the wing;
Brought low the haughtiness of bounding deer;
And smote the foxes when they sought their lairs;
Aye, dripped with blood the panther and the bear,
And many a pale face hurried to his gods.
I saw yon Sound long ere it knew a sail,

When swarthy warriors, in their birch canoes,
Held sway all undisputed o'er this sea
That is, alas! thy heritage. I've seen
War dances of undaunted braves; I've heard
The voices of their chieftains oft enflame
Their breasts with hatred of the white man's wrong,
Whose greed their silent forests, and the streams
That coursed beside their wigwams craved; at last
Full panoplied, they sought the war-path's trail,
That led to death or tyranny. Alas!
Consuming fires of civilization swept,
Across their fair yet desolate domains,
And mocked their righteous impotent despair.
Aye, one by one they vanished; fought and died,
As ye have died, for vaunted liberty.
Now thine the mighty empire that bestrides,
Forgotten graves concealing martyred dust.

Man's history is all in ruins writ.
States, empires, principalities decay,
And leave no trace of grandeur save the piles,
Of sculptured marble that with puny hands
He raised in token of his deathless dreams.

Yet, what are they? The mold of ruin steals
O'er crumbling Parthenons, Colosseums, Tombs,
Whose dying splendor fills the world with awe.
Like ancient Carthage, Babylon and Thebes
Their sites disputed, and but myths their fame,
They too shall fall, in common chaos blent,
With man and all his handiwork, and rest,
Beneath the centuries' dust. And 'tis His will.
Aye, naught survives time's devastating breath
Save only man's immortal thoughts and dreams.
But Thou, Great Spirit, art a righteous Judge.
The Indian, the white man? Both of clay
Through which Thy spirit wrought out destiny,
In Thy stupendous scheme of universe.
Yet some far age may forge a race of men,
To smile and scoff at all our legendry.

Thy ploughshare, white man, tore me from the turf,
Where long I slumbered 'midst congenial shades,
That roam their happy hunting grounds, at last,
Unfettered by thy cruel deathly greed.
So may ye look upon me, if ye must,
As ye would gaze on perished monuments
Of classic Greece and of imperial Rome.
Their voices, and my faltering tongue, but speak,
Of fallen empires on time's shifting shore.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

*ON THY SHORE WHEN EVE IS FALLING.

I.

O N thy shore when eve is falling,
Splendor streams o'er sky and sea,
Drowsy birds their mates are calling,
Shadows creep o'er flow'r and tree;
Stealing o'er Manunkateset,
Comes the lovely summer night,
Lingering, fades the beauteous sunset,
Faintly beams yon beacon light.

II.

In the twilight, dimly beaming,
Glowing, glim'ring, fitfully,
Soon its ruddy rays are streaming,
O'er the dark'ning starlit sea;
Yet when o'er the deep are sweeping,
Storms that hide their guiding star,
Mariners their watch are keeping,
For its gleaming while afar.

*These words were set to music and the song dedicated to
Mrs. Elmer A. Lynne, Westbrook, Conn.

III.

When the moonlit billows shimmer,
 Breaking on thy lovely shore;
When its cheerful flash and glimmer,
 Through the storm is seen no more—
Still its faithful vigil keeping,
 In the watches of the night,
Never slumb'ring, never sleeping,
 Ever beams yon beacon light.

O beacon light!
O beacon bright!
Shine on, shine on, shine on!

In the sweet moonlight,
And the fair starlight,
Till the dawn of the morn thou art gleaming,
When the wild billows roar,
On the storm-beaten shore,
Through the night, ever bright, be thy beaming.

*ON WESTBROOK'S SHORE.

I.

ONCE I roamed o'er the sands of thy desolate
dunes,

While yet lingered a fair summer day,
And the song of thy waves, sweet as lullaby tunes,
Lured my soul to a land far away;
To the far away land of youth's castles and dreams,
Where the roses of memory grow;
Fadeless all evermore,
Blooming fresh as of yore,
In the land of the long, long ago.

II.

Soon forgotten the spell when the waves with a knell,
Cast before me a shell on thy shore;
All its beauty had fled, and its spirit could dwell,
In its palace of pearl nevermore;
All in ruins its walls, and deserted its halls,
'Twas the sport of the tide's ebb and flow;
Vainly sighing with me,
By the shimmering sea,
For the land of the long, long ago.

*These words were set to music and the song dedicated to Mrs. Edgar J.
Taylor, Westbrook, Conn.

III.

When the shadows of time darken youth's sunny skies,
And all broken lies beauty's fair mold;
Can once sweet ruby lips, or once bright flashing eyes,
Be restored by earth treasures of gold?
They are gone, like the roses that fall from the stem,
When in summer thy blighting winds blow,
But there ne'er can be blight,
Nor can beauty take flight,
In the land of the long, long ago.

Let me dream evermore,
On thy beautiful shore,
While but dimly yon beacon light's glow,
Dream of far away years,
And their smiles and their tears,
In the land of the long, long ago.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

*"DIED AT GETTYSBURG."

On a tombstone in the old cemetery in Westbrook, Conn., appears the following inscription: "Alfred H. Dibble, 14th Regt. C. V. Died at Gettysburg, July 5th, 1863. A. E., 25 years, 6 mos., 2 days."

ONE summer day, I strolled as was my wont,
Adown the shady village street that skirts
Fair Westbrook's ancient cemetery, where rest
The fathers of the village; pondering there,
I thought of life that rolls its turbid tide,
For weal or woe from infancy to age;
Of life, upon a mother's breast begun,
That flings its span across time's fitful stream
To rest upon a grave, whose portals ope
To inexorable eternity.

Among the headstones—some are crumbling there—
Was one that bore a message to my soul;
For on it there was graved a name—a youth's—

*The 14th Regiment Conn. volunteers was one of the regiments that repulsed Pickett's celebrated charge July 3rd, 1863. The town of Westbrook had four men in that regiment. Besides Alfred H. Dibble, Albert M. Hill was also killed. My informant is Judge George C. Moore, a life-long resident of Westbrook.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

And underneath the legend he had died,
At Gettysburg!

Brave field of sacrifice!

There holy War on glory's anvil smote
With gory sledge the souls of South and North—
All tempered with the life blood of their brave—
To weld them into bonds of unity;
Aye, o'er the dreadful carnival of arms,
His bellows roared wild orisons of death,
While valorous lives, like brilliant sparks, went out
Into the realms of nothingness. And one,
Ah one! who fought and nobly fell, whose eyes,
Ere valor claimed him as a fallen son,
Turned longingly to this—his native shore.

In this fair hamlet rose his sun that set
At Gettysburg. Here as a youth he played,
And oft, perchance, on yonder shore he strolled,
To watch the sunlit waves, or hear the roar
Of storm-beat billows; contentment loved him;
He was her child, until upon his cheek,
There spread the flush of stalwart manhood's bloom,
When lo! sweet dreams he dreamed, and in his breast
Ambition's fires burned; and love—

But hark!

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

The warlike drum! The beckoning fife! The crowds
That eager gather round their country's flag,
And surge to some accustomed spot, where lo!
An aged sire reads out the dreadful news:
"Fort Sumter fired on! Lincoln's call to arms!"
His home, his hopes, his kindred and his dreams
His high resolve would stay, nor loose their clutch
Upon his heart strings; but his country called;
Her martial voice he heard; he marched away,
And bravely smiled while loving kindred wept—
And for his country died at Gettysburg.

Not here, young Dibble, do thy relics rest;
Beneath the turf where thou didst fight and fall,
Repose thy ashes with the sainted dead
From whose rent forms the tide of valor flowed
Whose crimson deluge bore our country's ark
Up to the mount of victory. Fair doves
Of peace have flown from that high pinnacle,
And from their talons olive branches strown
A nation's wounds to gently hide and heal.
Aye, thou wert of that brave, that valorous host,
Immortal LINCOLN trumpeted to Fame,
Who wreathed thy name with immortality.

BAYCROFT.

BEYOND the village and its rustic charms,
Enjoyment hovers e'en o'er sterile farms,
Though rock and thicket choke the barren field,
That mocks the plowman with a scanty yield.
Where green the turf, athwart the frowning wood,
That stretches onward many a weary rood,
Upon a knoll the house of Baycroft stands,
And lights with beauty dreary fallow lands.
Not there reigns luxury, nor haughty pride;
Its portals hospitality opes wide
With homely cheer; its modest gable smiles,
And hearty welcome every care beguiles.
Cold now its sward where drifts wild winter snow,
Its sheen departed, worn in summer's glow;
Yet when sweet breezes breathe o'er flow'rs of spring,
And orchard trees are wildly blossoming;
When blooming lilacs sweetly lade the air,
What scene more lovely? Aye, but still more fair,
When summer folds it in her beauteous arms,
And o'er it scatters all her sunlit charms.
Within its gates, along its stony way,

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

Bloom fair geraniums and nasturtiums gay.
A climbing rose bush tells that loving care,
 Hath wooed the roses freshly blooming there.
At break of morn bursts forth the robin's trill;
 In twilight's stillness sings the whippoorwill;
And like sweet music, from yon stepped tower,
 Steals forth the chiming of the evening hour.
A glorious sunset blazons sea and sky;
A-weary songsters, twit'ring, homeward fly;
And lo! the robin, in her downy nest,
 As shadows deepen, chants her prayer for rest.
When hearths far grander, and when halls more fair,
 With wiles and flatteries would allure me there—
Their gilded palaces may thee outshine,
 Yet all their splendor ne'er compare with thine.

SALT ISLAND.

ROCK-BOUND arising from the sea,
Storm-beaten waves dash over thee;
Thy sterile soil no flow'r will grow,
And o'er thy breast wild tempests blow.
Dread silence o'er thee holds her sway,
Save when around thee seagulls play;
Yon battered hut that crowns thy crest
Once toilers of the sea gave rest
And grateful shelter; there no more
Is heard their wondrous yarns of yore.
In ruins now 'tis crumbling fast,
Still haunted by a happier past.
Thy creaking dock might well unfold,
The splendors of the days of old,
When from its moorings many a sail,
That braved the storm cloud and the gale,
To distant marts bore ample spoil,
The yield of Westbrook's sons of toil,
While plenty scattered o'er the shore,
The wealth alas! now hers no more.
Though from the sea long swept away
The sails that made Salt Island gay,
And gone the mariners of old
Who long have mingled with the mold—
Yet Age recalls, some stormy night,
When musing by his hearthstone bright,
The days now gone, forevermore,
When Commerce smiled on Westbrook's shore.

ON WESTBROOK'S SHORE AT EVENTIDE.

I.

O N Westbrook's shore at eventide,
How sweet the robins sing,
Ere in their little nests they bide,
At night in flow'ring spring;
And when departed twilight's hour,
The songs they sang since dawn,
O'er grassy turf and leafy bower,
They'll hush until the morn.

II.

Across the sea when rosy beams,
Illume the morning sky,
And freshly every dew drop gleams,
Away the robins fly,
On gladsome wing the morn to greet,
And joyously they pour,
Their melodies, so rich and sweet,
Upon the slumb'ring shore.

III.

When wintry storms and drifted snow,
From balmy breezes flee,
And lovely springtime's smiling glow,
Falls bright on shore and sea;
Then flow'ring bush, and budding flow'r,
And lilacs blossoming,
Their fragrance blend, at twilight's hour,
With songs the robins sing.

When lilacs and syringas bloom,
In blossoming, flow'ring Spring,
At twilight's hour,
From tree and bower,
How sweet the robins sing.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BASK in the blaze of thy fireside's glow;
Revel and smile in its warm mellow light.
Embers now burning, soon flickering low,
Turn but to ashes; so cometh thy night.

Prize beyond measure each loving caress;
Yield to dear arms that would 'round thee entwine;
Draughts from love's fountain thy spirit will bless,
Soon may its waters no longer be thine.

Hush not the clatter of mischievous feet;
What were thy anguish if, quiet and still,
Lips of thy darling that kissed thee so sweet,
Silent were frozen by death's icy chill.

Wreath o'er with smiles where may linger a tear;
Wound not a heart e'en though erring it be;
Wayward thy brother? Speak words that may cheer,
Mantle his faults with divine charity.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

Scatter thy pity o'er paths of distress;

Sow loving seed o'er the world's dreary plane.

Poverty's tears with thy bounty repress,

Sorrow's sad cheek paint with roses again.

List to the music enthralling thy soul,

Borne by love's breezes o'er life's restless surge;

Strains that enchant thee, as sweetly they roll,

Soon may be hushed by love's funeral dirge.

Hast thou a cross oh! so weary to bear?

Bear it; but never thy burden bemoan.

Plunge not thy soul 'neath the waves of despair,

Harvests are garnered from seeds that are sown.

TO A STAR.

I.

FAIR star, thy light is beaming.
O'er the sea.
Sweet star, thy rays are streaming
O'er the sea.
In the spangled dome of night
Myriad stars are shining bright,
Yet none so near,
And none so dear,
As thee.

II.

O star! Too brief thy gleaming,
O'er the sea.
While absent I'll be dreaming,
Still of thee.
But the night calls thee afar;
Slowly pales thy light, fair star;
Thy rays no more,
Illumine the shore,
For me.

THE PENITENT.

I.

DYING! dying!
Sister, dying!
There she's lying,
Dying! dying!
Life's tide ebbing fast away,
Holy Sister! for her pray.
Dying in squalor;
See her pallor,
And her weakness,
And her meekness;
While she's gasping,
Still she's clasping,
In her weakness,
In her meekness,
Calvary's Cross.

II.

Praying! praying!
Softly praying:
"I've been straying."
List! she's praying.
She's been wandering in the past,
But, she's penitent at last.

Dreams come o'er her;
Pass before her,
Scenes of childhood,
Meadow, wildwood;
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother;
But, beyond all,
And above all,
Looms the Cross.

III.

Hear her whisper!
 "Peace!" her whisper,
Sister, kiss her;
 "Heaven!" her whisper.
Angels wait her soul to bring,
 To the Palace of the King.
At the portal,
Life immortal,
Waits to meet her,
Yearns to greet her.
She was weary;
Life, so dreary;
Darkness, over;
Light, forever,
Heaven, at last.

THE SEA WALL TO THE SEA.

I CHALLENGE here thy ravages, O Sea!

My breast of adamant I lift to break
Thy thundering waves, begotten by wild storms,
And hurled against the shore.

Man's handicraft,
With line and plummet, marked my winding course,
And labor dug and delved beneath the sands,
To fashion wondrous trenches where were laid
My huge foundations; until stone on stone,
I rose, full panoplied, to greet the storm.
Here thy dominion vanishes 'midst spray
That falls all harmless o'er my stony crest,
While smiles the shore at thy discomfiture,
And all is well.

Yet, I'll not boast, O Sea!
For what were I—this pile man's hands hath
wrought—

If God, who made thee, o'er thee breathed His wrath,
While from their lairs ferocious tempests prowled,
And with dread demons from thy caverns vast
Should in their fury—infinite and grand
Albeit terrible—my strength assail?
My ruins, fallen on the yielding shore,
Thy power, O Sea! would evermore proclaim,
While o'er them swept thy tides in mockery.

CORNFIELD POINT.

FROM thee and from Manunkateset curve,
Far inland, Westbrook's beaches; and ye are
Fair sisters of the sea that bare thy breasts
To sullen storms and devastating tides,
That else might oft with desolation blast,
This lovely strand whose guardians thou art.
The fairy wand of wealth hath left untouched
Manunkateset's charms. With rugged mien
She gazes on thee when yon casement lights
Stream o'er the sea. She sees thy mansion rise,
Like some fair palace from the beauteous deep,
And lift its splendors to the eastern skies,
Yet ne'er of thee is envious. And thou
On her doth fondly gaze, recalling days,
Ere on thy brow a diadem was set
To make thee beautiful; when eager keels
Salt Island sought, and bore to distant ports,
The yield of Westbrook's labor. Aye, of days
When fishers' huts stood where fair mansions stand,
On West Beach and Quotonset; and where nets,
Erstwhile were dried by merry fishermen,
On grassy swards where now bloom flow'r and rose.

A MAN'S PRAYER.

I COME not to Thee as the Lord of Lords
Nor King of Kings. I bow no suppliant knee
To Thee as God—the Great Jehovah. Thou
In childhood taught me Thy far sweeter name,
“Our Father.”

Father, no solemn priest I need,
Mid chanting choirs, to bear my soul to Thee;
For Thou hast said, Aweary? Come to me
And I will give thee rest. Behold! I come,
My Father! Weary as a child who rests
At twilight on a loving mother's breast.
My Father Thou alone doth know full well,
The hopes—the aspirations of my soul:
And now, all seared by worldly scars
Of losing conflict in ambition's strife—
Hope's luring mirage fading from my view—
And paths of splendor bruising oft my feet—
Aye, feet that wandered far away from Thee—
I hear Thy voice and with my burdens sore
I come to Thee, my Father—Come to Thee.

FOREVER.

I.

YE wild winds that sweep, o'er the foam crested
deep,

Do ye know for my true love I'm yearning,
While I wander once more,
On this lone dreary shore,
Where the waves whisper, Ne'er she's returning?
In anguish I sigh,
She'll come bye and bye,
But ye're moaning, and answer me, Never—
And ye waft o'er the sea,
Voices saying to me,
Ye have met, but ye're parted, forever.

II.

Ye wild winds no more, on this dear haunted shore,
Shall the words of our loving be spoken?
Can ye here say to me,
That forever shall be,
Love's chains that enslaved me, all broken?
Oh hear ye my cry,
She'll come bye and bye,
Oh ye wild winds ne'er answer me, Never!
And ye billows that roll,
Chant no more to my soul—
Ye have met, but ye're parted, forever.

III.

I'm dreaming alone, o'er the days that have flown,
When the shore in its beauty was smiling;
When the roses so rare,
And the flow'rs blooming fair,
Breathing of her, my soul were beguiling.
'Twas here ev'ry day,
Sweet birds sang their lay,
And they'd warble that ne'er should we sever;
But the wild winds now sigh,
She'll ne'er come bye and bye—
Ye have met, but ye're parted, forever.

*A CONVIVIAL SONG.

I.

HERE'S to the days of the past ever brightest,
Here's to sweet mem'ries that never grow old:
Here's to the scenes of our youth ever fairest,
Here's to affections that never grow cold;
Here's to the home of our childhood, so lowly,
O'er its dear hearth shone the heartiest cheer,
Round it to-night hover memories holy,
While we shed over its ruins a tear.

II.

Here's to the friends that so dearly we cherish,
Bound to our hearts by the tenderest ties;
Here's to "old times." Shall their memory perish?
No, but grow dearer as swiftly time flies;
Here's to the songs that we sang in youth's morning,
Long, long ago, but we cannot forget,
Every sweet measure enchanting life's dawning,
Now in its twilight is echoing yet.

III.

Here's to the dreams that erewhile we were dreaming,
Weaving around us their beautiful spell,
Here's to the pleasures that o'er us are beaming,
Here's to the hopes we have bidden farewell;
Over the past let us ever be strewing,
Flowers that are blooming with loveliest hue—
Flowers in the bowers of memory growing,
Kissed by love's sunshine and wet with its dew.

*This song was written for and inscribed to my friend James J. Hart, of N. Y.

WHEN THE STARS ARE DIMLY GLEAMING.

I.

WHEN the stars are dimly gleaming,
Ere the evening lamplights glow,
Strains of music, while I'm dreaming,
Waft me back to long ago.
At my mother's knee I'm kneeling,
Ere I slumber on her breast,
And her songs so faintly stealing,
Lull her little child to rest.

II.

Vanished dreams again are dawning,
O'er the shadows of regret.
Hope, arrayed, as in youth's morning,
Whispers, All the past forget.
Love, all radiant, 'lumes the sunlight,
Roses from her steal their hue,
And her fragrance lades the starlight,
As of yore when all seemed true.

III.

Aye, when evening lights are burning,
And departed twilight's spell,
From its flight my soul returning,
Lingering bids the past farewell.
Yet while stars are dimly gleaming,
Ere the evening lamplights glow,
Memory's light is fondly streaming,
O'er sweet days of long ago.

HIS LETTER.

I.

WHEN summer spreads her beauteous flow'rs
O'er scenes we loved in days of yore,
Remember then the happy hours,
And dreams we dreamed on Westbrook's shore.
Yet, ne'er would summer seem as sweet,
The flow'rs as fair, the sky as blue,
If nevermore thy smile should greet,
The one who loves but thee so true.

II.

While far away, in happy dreams,
Our bygone days come back to me;
O'er every haunt of childhood streams,
The light of loving memory.
Yet drear were every hallowed spot,
And gone the glamor of the shore,
Were all the past by thee forgot,
And we but strangers evermore.

III.

We've strolled along the silvery sands;
Our skiff hath breasted wind and wave;
We've watched the stars, and clasping hands,
Have felt the thrill love's pressure gave.
Yet every scene so fair to see,
Could nevermore my soul beguile,
Were thou not all the world to me,
Were they not lighted by thy smile.

AFTER.

I.

AFTER mirth's laughter, grief's anguish and pain;
After gay numbers, the harp's saddest strain;
After earth's splendors, its deserts so drear,
After pride's grandeur, humility's tear.
After youth's beauty and blushes, decay;
After fair tresses, locks faded and gray;
After bright sunshine, dark shadows of night,
After the blooming of roses, their blight.

II.

After sweet childhood, the frowning world's blows;
After home pleasures, the wanderer's woes;
After love's summer, care's withering frost,
After love's kisses, laments for the lost.
After great actions, a comet-like name;
After brave sacrifice, perishing fame;
After shame's triumph, the world's heartless cheer;
After truth's failure, the laurel-wreathed bier.

III.

After hope's glamor, the ashes of earth;
After laudations, and homage, their dearth;
After the rapture of glory, its dirge;
After ambition, oblivion's surge.
After man's dreaming—his waking—to weep;
After bright visions, the tomb's dreamless sleep,
After life's journey, the soul's trustful flight,
After death's portal, eternity's light.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

ROLL CALL AT SANTIAGO.

ON the hills of Santiago,
Spain's proud banners wave no more;
San Juan's bold redoubts had fallen—

Victory lulled the battle's roar.
When at night the conquerors bivouacked,
'Mong the dying and the dead,
And rang out the Sergeant's roll-call,
Oft alas! a comrade said:

“Missing.”

Where the palms are lowly drooping,
And the cactus wildly grows;
Where the wind, all sweetly laden,
From the Caribbean blows;
In their sepulchers of glory,
Sleep the brave, the sainted dead;
Who had fought and won the victory,
Yet at roll-call, comrades said:

“Missing.”

Hearts beat high with martial fervor,
When they bade loved ones good-bye;
Beating drums and streaming colors,
Lighting every soldier's eye.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

Now in Cuba's soil they're sleeping,
 Heroes all—who fought and bled—
And in gory shrouds were lying
 When, at roll-call, comrades said:

“Missing.”

Home at last with ranks all shattered,
 Came the victors from the war;
Patriot thousands wildly cheering—
 Flags are waving—cannon roar.
In the crowds were weeping kindred
 From whom hope and joy had fled;
At roll-call, at Santiago,
 Of their lost those victors said:

“Missing.”

Battle flags are furled in glory,
 And fair Cuba now is free;
And we crown our conquering heroes
 With the wreaths of victory.
But, they'll think of Santiago,
 And a comrade's tear will shed,
For the absent brave at roll-call,
 Whom they answered for and said:

“Missing.”

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

In the wild and tangled thickets,
Underneath the tropic sky;
In the majesty of silence;
All unknelled the fallen lie.
Muffled drum nor funeral volley,
Never echoed where they sleep;
But shall fame o'er sculptured column,
Through the patriot ages weep—

“Missing?”

Sainted dead! Where rest thy ashes,
Nevermore shall cringe a slave;
Tyranny can never blossom
In the soil where sleep our brave.
Ye have joined the ranks immortal,
In the Citadel of fame;
Where on Glory's roll-call blazoned
Ne'er shall valor mourn a name;

Missing.

CIVILIZATION'S ANSWER
TO
"THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

YE toilers of the ages who have sown
The centuries' furrows with resplendent deeds;
Ye builders of the nations who have reared,
With sweat and blood fair civilization's towers,
Where Wrong and Ignorance whilom held their sway;
Ye martyrs, victims of the rack and stake,
Who died for man 'mid Errors taunts and jeers,
Were all thy deeds, thy sacrifice, in vain?
From time's abyss a warning voice proclaims,
Thy work o'erthrown; aye, states and empires
crushed,
When men with slanted brows and brutal jaws,
Shall their dread debt to heaven and earth repay,
Because, forsooth, the master hand of God,
Did slight them—creatures of His handiwork.

Who dares Jehovah at man's bar arraign,
For that He 'stablished by supreme decree,
That all men, born of nature's varying moods,
Be not of like capacities and dreams?

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

For some there be, cast in contracted moulds—
Pathetic shadows of the Man Divine—
Whose souls are dead to beauty's rapturous touch,
And out of tune with heavenly harmonies.
He Who inspires the minstrel's sweetest strain,
Forbids its music charm some listless ear.
He Who with beauty tints the lovely rose,
From stony eyes its loveliness conceals,
Eternity these mysteries may reveal.

Lord God Most Highest! Mysterious Thy ways.
Doth not yon laggard leaning on his hoe,
His lineage trace, as may the sceptered king,
To Thee! Aye, and 'tis well. In Thine own time,
The regal robes of royalty shall rot,
Beside the peasant's smock in kindred dust.
The hoe, the scepter too, shall crumble there.
And, stript who wielded them of earthly dross,
Nor bowed with woe, nor insolent with pride,
Shall each be judged, in justice, Lord, by Thee.
In that day, o'er the wise man and the fool,
Oh! Fling the mantle of Thy charity.

B a l l a d s o f t h e S h o r e

Ill-omened Bard! Oh! sing again thy lyre,
And strike a far sublimer melody.
Thy verse, discordant when it rails at God,
Doth e'en command Him, He no more portray,
Thy sloth His image of divinity.
Think'st thou the world will tremble and turn pale,
For that thy man, untutored, in despair
Shall rise in mutiny? 'Gainst whom? 'Gainst what?
Against himself? He were no Terror then,
And would but burst the thralldom of the chains,
Which bind him slave to circumstance—God speed
That day. But, if Disorder takes his hand,
And they, with Crime and Ignorance, for revenge
'Gainst God and man shall clamor, sallying forth
With torch to fire fair civilization's dome,
And bloody bludgeons clutch to batter down
The massive bulwarks of her citadel—
Behold! Her ramparts valiant sentries pace,
To guard man's heritage from Anarchy,
And wake the nations when her threatening hordes,
Shall menace Progress, Liberty, and Light.

THE CITY OF THE SOUL.

I.

HEAVENLY angel! When this mortal,
Robed in immortality,
Wond'ring views, within its portal,
Beautiful eternity;
When upon His throne of splendor,
I behold the King of Kings,
When I hear triumphal anthems,
His celestial choir sings:
Shall I, loving, list'ning, dreaming,
Hear again thy voice divine,
While the anthems of the angels,
Through His realms of glory roll—
If no word may there be spoken,
Give me some angelic token,
We shall know and love each other,
In yon City of the Soul.

II.

'Mid the glory, 'mid the grandeur,
Streaming o'er thy home above,
Is forgotten earthly rapture,
Dreamest thou no more of love?
Hath the pall of dread oblivion,
Fallen over days of yore,
Doth the golden chords of mem'ry,
Vibrate never—nevermore?
I'll be waiting, longing, yearning,
For thy answer: Come to me,
While hosannas of the seraphs,
To Jehovah surge and roll—
Greet me 'neath the jasper towers,
Lead me through eternal bowers,
Tell me earthly love's immortal,
In yon City of the Soul.

I'LL FLING AWAY THIS WITHERED ROSE.

I'LL fling away this withered rose,
 'Tis nothing now to me;
No more I'll treasure aught that speaks,
 Of other days and thee.
Forgotten, lingering here alone,
 Through many a bygone year
Forgotten, and I see thee now,
 Yet falls no pitying tear.

Poor withered rose! Thy beauty fled,
 Thy leaves, all crushed and sear,
I smile upon thy ruins now,
 And yet thou once wert dear,
Yes, thou wert dear, my beauteous rose,
 For when she gave me thee,
She pressed thee to her red rose lips,
 Oh sweet those days to me!

'Tis not to thee alone sweet rose,
 The years have brought decay;
From many a heart the bloom of love,
 Like thine has passed away.
Though crumbling on thy thorny stem,
 Still, still, I'll cherish thee,
For memory revives thy bloom,
 And makes thee dear to me.

I HAVE REIGNED IN HALLS OF SPLENDOR.

I.

I HAVE reigned in halls of splendor,
Where the fair and proud were met,
I have listened to love's wooing,
And 'twould seem that I forget;
When the thoughtless throngs adore me,
And proclaim me beauty's queen,
They dream not my heart is breaking,
When I think what might have been.

II.

We were parted by my madness,
By my haughty, scornful pride;
Why did glittering charms allure me,
Oh! my darling from your side—
I have drained the cup of pleasure
To the dregs of mockery there,
Till I loathe the chains that link me,
E'en if golden to despair.

III.

Regal robes and stately mansions,
Can they happiness impart?
Rarest gems and richest jewels,
Can they soothe an aching heart?
Yet I smile and wear my fetters,
And I struggle to be true,
While my heart is breaking, darling,
For I love you, only you.

DEATH OF THE ROSE.

I.

THE rose that blushes fair to-day,
To-morrow droops and fades away;
But oh! its beauty cannot die,
Though pale in death its petals lie.

II.

How sweet it blossomed! Rich and rare,
Its loveliness beyond compare,
When on its leaves—the morning dew,
Lent sparkling jewels to its hue.

III.

But when alas! in fullest bloom,
Death plucked it; o'er its earthly tomb,
Love, lingering mourned the beauteous dead,
Whose charms, whose fragrance all had fled.

IV.

But Hope revives its withered leaves,
And o'er it vanished beauty weaves;
Its perfume lades the twilight air,
It breathes, it blooms, forever fair.

V.

Not withering blight—not dread decay,
Not death itself can steal away,
The fadeless bloom of mem'ries dear,
Love freshens with her sacred tear.

DREAMING.

I.

THE splendor that shone o'er this shore has
departed,

No more shall we wander adown by yon sea,
We've waked from our dreaming, and yet broken
hearted,

I'm dreaming again oh! my darling of thee,
The night breeze is calling—the beating waves playing,

Sweet love-laden numbers that thrilled us of yore,
Yet, here all alone by the sea I am straying—

And thou—far away from this once lovely shore.

II.

One sweet summer eve when the robins were singing,

We strolled o'er the beach to yon far spreading
sands,

The old village church bell at twilight was ringing,

As on the wild dunes we reclined, clasping hands;

I seek the spot vainly—our vows there were spoken—

But storms have swept o'er it—'tis gone evermore—

'Tis gone—like thy love—and my heart thou hast
broken,

For never we'll meet on this desolate shore.

COLD LIES THE SNOW UPON THE TURF.

I.

COLD lies the snow upon the turf,
Dark clouds are lowering o'er the sea,
Loud beats the angry foaming surf,
Upon this shore so dear to me.
The morning sun rose fair and bright,
And o'er these scenes in splendor shone;
Yet now behold! the stormy night,
Wild music chants for me alone.

II.

Hope's beauteous sun may often rise,
To gild life's morning with its beams;
But soon o'erclouded smiling skies,
And soon departed fairest dreams,
Yet happy he who still may hear,
When o'er him sorrow's surges roll,
Fond voices, waking memories dear,
That breathe sweet music o'er his soul.

*FAREWELL.

I.

FAREWELL! Farewell! For I must leave thee,
E'en if thy charms would bid me stay,
In after years wilt thou forget me,
When from thee I am far away.
I'll heed not splendors when they chide me,
That distant scenes enchant me yet,
I'll pleasures scorn that would beguile me,
And bid me all the past forget.

II.

'Twas sweet in childhood to be straying,
Along thy strand, and evermore,
I'll hear the tunes the waves were playing,
That breaking rolled upon thy shore.
I'll dream in summer I'm reclining,
Where pebbles strown like jewels seem,
I'll think of bygone days, entwining,
Thy shore, thy skies, with every dream.

*These words were set to music and the song inscribed to Mrs. Henry
A. Post, Westbrook, Conn.

III.

Yet now, Goodbye! For I must leave thee;

Why do I fondly linger here!

I'll think of thee—do not forget me—

And oft recall this parting tear.

At morning when the sunshine's streaming,

At night when storms sweep o'er the sea,

At eve when o'er the moonlight's beaming,

I'll come to thee—I'll come to thee.

When wintry winds are wildly blowing,

I'll hear thy storm-beat billows roar;

When summer's sweetest scenes are glowing,

I'll come, in dreams, to thy dear shore.

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